

Near Shepperton

Stuck on a plain round ball and moving
through heaven
or at least the interstellar version
— not knowing which step to take
to prevent loss of coffee
or loss of basic color.
So far out from what most see every day
and yet never see outside
except for the black velvet with holes
that we know as stars, like the backdrops in Elstree
or Borehamwood.
But these are real, and lead to places
much above and away from stuff
people do,
and think,
every day,
every minute,
on a street somewhere
or in a barn
or a good pub.